## HOME AND SOCIETY.

HOSPITALITY IN AMERICA AND ENGLAND

NEW VERSION OF A NURSERY CLASSIC-PRENCH WOMEN AS MATCHMAKERS-THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS AND HER ACCOMPLISHMENTS. We Americans are proud, and justly so, of our

reputation for hospitality, but there is sometimes too much of a good thing and we are often tempted into an exaggeration of this virtue. In many well-meaning hostesses there seems to exist a fear that their as may find some stray moments during the day unfortunate guests are kept busy every minute "being until physically and mentally they are exhausted. Not a few people object to making visits, and simply for the reason that they are never left to themselves, never have any time to occupy as

English hostesses are much more sensible in this respect. In England a guest in a country house has a good part of the day to dispose of as he or she may fancy; and, as a result, a pleasant, homelike feeling much to be desired pervades the atmosphere of th Neither host nor hostess appears to be labor ing to provide perpetual entertainment for their and the latter have plenty of time to write neir letters, rend their books and enjoy other like peaceful amusements. In a town house a masculine istor receives a night-key as a pleasant intimation

But, English or American, why is it that a spare om has always such a stiff and formal air? The few pictures that generally adorn its walls are hung with painful regularity, set pieces of bric-a-brac posin solemn state upon the mantel, and often the only intellectual provision made for the occupant consists of an old magazine or two. A few more pictures oung in a less conventional way, a half-dozen photographs scattered here and there, a little bookcase con taining a score or more of volumes suitable for filling an occasional spare hour, a sofa with two or three tempting pillows-these are not much, but yet suffito make the spare room so much more attractive

We have all read in our nursery classics of the grapes which Zeuxis painted so eleverly that the birds came and pecked at them. A funny paraphrase of the old tale occurred at one of the well-ki masterplece was "a perfect love" of a hat-a great shape and decorated with perfect summer blos They were so perfect that it was no patient Dobbin, Farmer Hayseed's old horse stretched out his nose longingly toward the lovely the problem. The dress was of silver-gray brocade clovers, daisies and grasses that bobbed so temptingly on the head of a pretty girl just beyond his reach, where he stood before the postoffice waiting for his master. Just at that moment a tall youth with a panels opened over a white satin front cut at the tennis racket engaged the attention of the pretty girl. and-oh, joy !- the tempting bit of meadowland came nearer and nearer to the wistful, outstretched nostrils satin and silver gray brocade. The white satin back fire until the sugar and water are thoroughly assimilated, but do not let them boil. Fill the jars of plums of the longing brute, until, with one limit reached the coveted morsel. Before the somewhat absorbed young people realized the of the lace over the shoulders were left loose as in the flat wooden rack in a deep the boller, with wisps of the somewhat absorbed young people realized the of the lace over the shoulders were left loose as in the flat wooden rack in a deep the boller, with wisps of the somewhat absorbed young people realized the of the covered to the front. The corselet consisted of bias folds meeting hay or kitchen towels between them. The tops of the beautiful French hat, and amid the laughter of the spectators backed out of reach to enjoy his feast, band was of folded pink satin. A long scarf of transleaving the poor girl with a completely denuded, ridiculous-looking pinned-up affair, its erstwhile

It is amusing to see how thoroughly a Frenchwoman a natural matchmaker, and how she supposes that the search for a "bon parti" must be ever uppermost in the mind of a properly regulated young woman At a dinner in Paris, given by a hostess noted for tact and elaborate entertainments, the pretty woman, convoying a tall, awkward youth, fluttered up to an American girl, saying, "Allow me to present Monsieur N., Miss X.; he is to have the pleasure of taking you out to dinner"-adding in a quick little "aside" behind her fan, "He is worth 10,000,000 francs, my dear." At the table Miss X, discovered her escort to be decidedly uninteresting, while her other neighbor, Monsieur T., proved to be most amusing, though a middle-aged, plain little man. To him she devoted herself throughat the dinner, continuing the conversation afterward in the drawing room, where the neglected Crocsus promptly deserted her.

A short time after, when making her dinner call,

American girl remarked to her hostess that she had found Monsieur T, such a clever man, Oh, yes, quite a clever little man; but what did

you think of Monsieur N.?" inquired madame.
"He was rather young and there didn't seem to be

saw how little he interested you that you did not hear me tell you that he was worth 10,000,000 francs."

maker of the neighborhood. Wishing to know something of her capabilities in that respect, she wrote to wife of the local doctor to ask if she could recommend her, and in reply received the following curious

desirable person. She speaks French, and her father is one of our most eminent citizens and her mother is very genteel. Yours truly, Mrs. A. B. Brown.

No end of international discussions have been held on the subject of the respective advantages of the American system of checking one's luggage and the British hold-fast theory that it should be taken with the traveller on the top of his cab. Englishmen con-tend that it is better to submit to the inconvenience of the delay at the station than to trust to the punctuality of an express company. In this as in any other national differences Mr. and Mrs. S .-- he a Briton of the most uncompromising type, and Yankee born and bred-had continual, albeit frienddiscussions.

one occasion, after the respective merits of English and American travelling facilities had been rather warmly advocated on either side, "take this one matter of buggage alone. If you have your check you are all right." "What good will your check do you if you have not

got your trunk?" replied her husband, unconvinced, "Never part with your luggage is my principle; put it on the cab and take it with you," he repeated obstinately while his lively little wife gave an exasperated sigh over his British denseness. you remember," she argued, "the time when we went to your sister's and you could not find your trunk to put on your back?"

it did happen once," confessed the lishman reluctantly.

"Well," she exclaimed triumphantly, "you see I not convinced, gave up the subject. Shortly afterwere particularly punctilious people and the laws of the Louis XIII style. The width set in front is of the establishment were conventional and strict. Alas, light many satin. The galloon trims the lower edge alas! the carefully packed boxes were not forthcoming through some error in the express office. Mrs. S. went to her room when the dressing-bell rang In an agony of impatience and nervousness, wondering aloud how ever she could appear in her travel Stained garments.

"Here is your check, my love," remarked her hus band with a grin. "You have always that, you know, so you are bound to be all right." Words failed the lady, and doubtless her American supremacy would have been forever lost-when, luckily, her trunk, at that most crucial mement, arrived.

The handsome and soft-voiced Queen of the Belgians is especially fond of driving and does it particularly well. She takes pride in telling her friends that she has herself driven her neat pair of Hungarian horses

through all the nine provinces of her kingdom. Marie Henriette has other accomplishments, too. rides well, talks well and is an uncommonly good musician. She has a beautiful complexion, which is much enhanced by her powdered hair.

Rational food in hot weather is a subject that in terests us individually and collectively, and one that is not half enough considered. Digestion and general bealth are greatly concerned in the July and August daily bill of fare, and our tempers as well as our enjoyment are no less deeply involved. A steaming breakfast table with hot sausages and kidneys and devfiled chicken (no imaginary meal, by the way, but one which the writer had actually to face during one of the hottest waves of the season-a "sizzard," as called it) is enough to make

The china and flowers are worthy of consideration in the first place. Let the former be white and the latter of the coolest tints possible, with a preponderance of green. Growing ferns, if they are in a flourishing condition, are very grateful to the eye on a hot morning. All the hot dishes, together with the tea and coffee, should be relegated to the sideboard. Only toast or rolls, and crisp, fresh butter and a pretty arrangement of fruit and perhaps honey of warmalade should be left on the table breef, these will rather tempt the appetite than otherwise. Fruit and an abundance of cream with eggs and either ham or tongue or fish, together with good coffee, are enough to satisfy the appetite of the most exacting gourmand by the dog-days. The heavier meats, such as chops, kidneys, beefstenks, etc., are too gross for the first meal of the day.

THE COMING MODES.

WORTH IS INTRODUCING LOUIS XIII STYLES.

A WIDOW'S WEDDING DRESS-MAUVE A POPULAR COLOR-NECKBANDS AND POCKETS

Fetes of every kind have followed the races of the Grand Prix. Formerly that event closed all festivi-ties, and people left in crowds for watering-places and seashore; but this season "Tout Paris" lingers to attend balls, garden parties and weddings. One of the recent events was the wedding of the Baroness de -, a widow, who wore a particularly pretty gown To be appropriate, elegant and distinguished, the wedding gown of a widow must be a study, especially if she be married before a large concourse of people As the Illustration shows, Worth has happily solved



with large Louis XIII designs, and had an immense train, whose voluminousness reminded one of crinoline bottom into Vandyke scallops, lined with a pleated flounce of white chiffon. The bodice was of white parent silver-gray volle was twisted around the bodies forming a rosette at the sides, with ends falling to the bottom of the skirt; the edges were trimmed with a fringe of seed pearls. The brocade sleeves were puffed near the elbow with a wide blas band of brocade White sende mousquetaires covered the forearm. The bride's hair was dressed with low pompadour in front from the centre of it. A small bonnet made of silvergray chiffon and strings of seed pearls was worn; o the side there was a pink rose, also one made of silver gray velvet. On the top, inclined to one side, there was a tuft of low white algrettes.

Coming events in fashions cast their shadows

use of heavy materials, rather leans toward the retransition from the present fashions to the Louis XIII ones will not be very great, for the long, straight skirts, the wide, puffed sleeves and the highly ornapanels and ornamented front widths are always acto thin and to stout figures, and no more "He was rather young and there didn't seem of anything particularly interesting about him," repited Miss X., hoping to excuse her evident neglect of her though still ornamental, will in the future be more with inste and symmetry. Will the dresses are almost always cut after it. The Louis XIII style is also a natural "letting down" of the biga beck Elizabethan rull, and neck frimmings, although still ornamental, will in the future be more in accordance with taste and symmetry. Will the becoming Louis XIII head dress also collic into fashion!

Perhaps. It is charming on the woman who is in the full bloom of her beauty. The portraits of Anne D'Antriche, the Duchesse de Chevrense and Mile, de la for bodices and sleeves, and in the low talle and lace XIII style will next season vie with that of 1830, and it is still the secret of contariers whether the one

or the other will predominate. Mauve is worn extensively alike by the old and



"Well," she exclaimed triampinanty, "you see I am right; if you had had your check you would have had that at all events," and her spouse, silenced but pean de sole strewn with deep purple and manye rose-pot convinced, gave up the subject. Shortly after-buds, This is also a Worth dress, and you will observe ward they went to pay a visit at a country house. In the illustration sent berewith that a rich galloon where there was a large house party. Their hosts set in precious stones forms side and front panels in



narrow ruffle of mauve satin to soften the hard, ray

make the first meal of the day tempting and desirable placed in deep folds below the belt, is one of Worth's even when the thermometer is in the pineties. The china and flowers are worthy of consideration in the first place. Let the former be white and the atter of the coolest tints possible, with a prepender-ince of green. Growing ferms, if they are in a flour-ot morning. All the constraints of the coolest tints possible, with a prepender-ince of green. Growing ferms, if they are in a flour-ot morning. All the constraints of the back and end in tals which fall below the jabot the back and end in tals which fall below the jabot the back and end in tals which fall below the jabot the back and end in tals which fall below the jabot the back and end in tals which fall below the jabot the back and end in tals which fall below the jabot the back and end in tals which fall below the jabot the back and end in tals which fall below the jabot the back and end in tals which fall below the jabot the back and end in tals which fall below the jabot the back and end in tals which fall below the jabot the back and end in tals which fall below the jabot the back and end in tals which fall below the jabot the back and end in tals which fall below the jabot the back and end in tals which fall below the jabot the back and end in tals which fall below the jabot the part of the colors that the part of the part of the colors that the part of the part of the part of the colors that the part of the p of the bodice. The sleeves are composed of two blas "superpared" ruffles, and show that all the voluminousness now goes to widening the sleeve below the shoulders. Neck-bands are made higher than ever, much resembling the stock worn by men in the beginning of this century. Indeed, we may take it for granted that stocks will be revived, for I have seen several young swells here who have introduced that very inconvenient neckgear. For the comfort of men.

take the place of skirt pockets, which can never b field on the larger than a porte-bonleur. The bag is somewhat larger than the "chain-mail" purse and it is used only to carry the handkerchief.

PLUMS.

DIRECTIONS FOR PRESERVING AND CANNING THEM.

The plum, which is a fruit so closely allied to the therry that it is classified by the American botanists under the same head, is valuable for preserving and can-ning and for sweet pickles. The first plam usually comes to market in July. This is the wild red goose plum of the South, which makes a very excellent jelly. is prepared. It hardly deserves the attention of the Northern housekeeper, however, because of the great distance which the fruit must be brought and the consequent high price at which it is likely to be sold, when no other plums are to be had. The first plums which are valuable to the Northern housekeeper for preserving are the golden egg plums, which are found market at any time from about August 10 to september 1. The greengage plum is equally de-sirable, and is considered by many to be superior to the golden egg for preserving, canning and for brandled fruit. They should not cost over 75 cents or \$1 a peck. The purple varieties of plums are not as good for these purposes and do not look as well, but they are richer for sweet pickle. The very est plum for sweet pickling, however, is the little purple damson, which ripens in the latter part of August, a little later than the gages and the egg plums. It should cost not more than 40 or 50 cents A most delictous jelly and an excellent jam are also made from damsons.

To can plums, select either greengages or the

golden eggs. Take care that they be insciously ripe, but without a speck or spot to mar them. Prick ready to cover them as soon as the jars are filled.

To make this syrup melt over the fire three and a of the other six. Still I cannot but think that the plums after they are prepared. Have a syrup half pounds of the best granulated sugar, with five half-pint cups of cold water. Stir this syrup over the fire until the sugar and water are thoroughly assimithe jars should be screwed on without the rubbers. Fill the fin boiler with cold water until it reaches up to the necks of the bottles. Let the water come to the boiling point, and boil steadily around the bottles for eight minutes after it begins. Remove the jars from the water, unscrew the cover, and if the syrup has boiled down fill them up with fresh on the jars and screw them up as tight as possible, and as soon as you can after filling them. Tighten

The greengage makes a very delictous preserve, ripe choice greengages for this purpose. Use the best granulated sugar, and to every pound of sugar low from saucepar, lined with white porcelain. Bring the syrup to the boiling point in this saucepar. Then acid the plums, all of which should first be priched several times to prevent their barraing. Do not at-tempt to cook a large quantity at a time. A quart of plums will be quite enough to cook at once. Let them cook just six minutes in the syrup. Put them let them cool. When they are cold, ser-w them up again as tight as possible and set them away in a

to fill up the bottles.

In reply to an impurer on this satelect, we will say that a macedoine of brandled fruit is prepared with all varieties of fruit, beginning with steacherites and inclining energy, begin with a quart of rich symbolic tone may fancy. Begin with a quart of rich symbolic one may fancy. Begin with a quart of rich symbolic one may fancy. Begin with a quart of rich symbolic one may fancy. Begin with a quart of brandly, cover the far few moments of the cooking of water. Come a qualt and a quart of brandly, cover the large stone far, hosting at least two galons, because it is market boil a quart of them to ten minutes in fast enough symp to cook them and add three to the fair, with as much brandly asyon have added symp. Continue in the same way with shees of sugar-loaf pineapple cut if dice and cooked for one minute. Then add apictors, which will require about ten minutes in cooking. When freengage plums are at their finest, skin a quart of these to pourne soling water over them, and cook to be pourned soling water over them, and cook them in syrup for eight minutes. Peaches, pecied and cooked about the same length of the asy pecied and cooked about the same length of the cooked as of stratsferries, always adding the syrup in which they were cooked some them that the cooked in syrup to the intention of the syrup for eight minutes. The individual of the cooked in syrup for eight minutes, should be cooked to the part of syrup, and the proper of the mixture should be added in the decision of the proper of the mixture should be added in the decision of the proper of the mixture should be those on the mixture of the proper of the part of syrup, and the proper of the mixture should be those of the part of syrup, as the fruit should be large to the part of syrup, as the fruit should be kept maked the large of of the part of syrup, as the fruit should be the part of syrup, as the fruit should be approper and the part of syrup, as the fruit should be approper and the proper of the part of syrup, as the fr

the dunid all the time during warm weather. This mixture is preferred by some people to the plain brandled peaches or brandled plums, and is especially nice when served with the cream.

Perhaps the richest of all plums is the purple dark son. Be careful to select fruit whose dark, rich, purple shade shows that it is perfectly ripe, as this fruit turns a light shade of purple some time better it ripes. Part the plums for jelly in a stone jar, in the acute way ton do currents, and futures in light shade of purple some time before it ripe to its next in warm water. Let the water bedi around the jar for from three-quarters of an hour to an hour, until they are thoroughly cooled and the jude begins to show. It will assist the process of extracting the jude somewhat if cane judin is cut in two. Do not remove the pit or salo of the plain, however, as both add to the flavor and the glatinous quidity of the judic obtained. As soon as the panns are ready wash them slightly and strain them, pressing through all the jude that you can. Measure the jude, and for every plut of it welgh out a pound of sugar. Boll it down for twenty manues. Then add the sugar, which should be heating in the oven while the jude is badiling down. The heated sugar should melt aimost instantly in the jude, with a slight hissing sound. Let the sugar and jude boil together for two or three minutes; then fest the jells. As soon as it is firm pour it into jelly bowls, and when it is cold cover cach jar with brandled paper and seal them all up.

To make damison jam, the famous old conserve of Eritish housewives, stem and skin as many pounds of the plans as you deshe to pai up. Allow three quarters of a pound of sugar to every pound of fruit. And about a capful of dameon june, obtained in the same way as von do the jude for jelly. Six this in the plums and you need not add any water to prevent their burnoun. The skin is renoved he thosy ing boiling water over the plums and saluming theo with the fluency. Let the jelle and providin-liked colander to remov

There are very few sweet pickles which are so thoroughly a success as those made of damon plums. They make heat to pearlies. To ten pounds of plums allow ave pends of surar, one quart of vin-gar, two cames of chansens, and an onnee of cleves. Prick the plums and remove the stems. Add the vin-gar to the sugar, put it in a porcelain-lined kethe over the fire, and when it belts add the plums and spices. Cook the whole for about ten minutes, or until the plums are easily perced with a straw. Remove them from the fire and put them up in stone Jars. It is not necessary to seal them up that or to can them, as they should keep perfectly well in any cold, dark preserve closes, merely if they are well covered with the stone cover of the far.

For the information of young housekeepers we will say that the damson is a small, dark purple plum, which is nearly round. It has a "bloom" rather lighter than the color of the fruit, almost as pronounced as the "dew of the neutarine." The nectarine, by the way is not a variety of plum, but a variety of peach, welle the peach. msons. There are very few sweet pickles which are so

AMONG THE WILD FLOWERS.

PLANTS REFLECTING THE TEMPER OF THE SEASON.

HOSTS OF COMPOSITES IN THE FIELDS-MILK. WEEDS OF MANY COLORS-RED AND GRANGE LILIES-THE WAXY INDIAN PIPE-RASPBERRY AND RUE

> BY MES. WILLIAM STARR DANA. Copyright, 1803: By The Tribune Association.

It is interesting to observe the manner in which the flowers express the dominant mood of the The early ones, as has been noticed already, are chilly-looking, shy, tentative; charming with the shrinking, uncertain charm of an American spring. Those of the later year are distinctly hardy, braced to meet cold winds and nipping nights. While those of midsummer-those which are abroad now-have caught the hot look of flame, or of the sun itself, or-at times-the deep blue of the sky. Of course there are exceptions to this rule, as we will note later; but the least observing must admit the intensity of the colors which prevail now, colors which are not perhaps more brilliant than the later ones, but which, it seems to me, are far more suggestive of summer. It may be argued that this is merely a matter of association; that if the golden-rods and asters were in the habit of flowering in July, and if the Iflies and milkweeds ordinarily postponed their appearance till September, the former would seem to us the ones which embodied most vividly the idea of heat and sunlight, while the latter would typify, in a perfectly satisfactory fashion, the colder season. I am ready to acknowledge that we are vic-

timized sometimes by our sensitiveness to association; recalling clearly as I do a childish conviction that one could recognize Sunday by the peculiarly golden look of its sunlight, and by the long, mysterious slant of its shadows in the orchard. This delusion-though even yet it hardly seems that-sprang, I suppose, from the fact that only on Sunday was one obliged to refrain from a variety of enchanting pursuits which at other times proved so absorbing as to preclude any great sensitiveness to the aspects of nature, and perhaps partly also from a certain serenity in the moral atmosphere which so linked itself with the visible surroundings as to arouse the belief that the lights and shadows of this not only is the courseness of habit common to the later flowers suggestive of a defensive attitude in view of a more or less inclement season, but that their actual colors are less indicative of the

the their actual colors are less infeative of the it of summer.

Surely no autumn field sends upward a multisgraph of the surgest of the surg

the pollen. The dandelion is without any tubudar blossoms. Its florets are botunically described as "strap-shaped," resembling the ray-

wild and promising spots as the railway window reveals. Is it possible that the swiftly vanishing scene has been illuminated by the imagination which has been allowed the freer play from the improbability of any necessity for future readjustment? However that may be, I find that my Look possesses but little charm for me till an aching head warns me to refrain from too constant a Vigil.

Just now, from such a coigne of vantage, when the unclouded sun beats upon their surfaces, certain pastures look as though afire. The grasssway about great patches of intense orange-red, suggestive of creeping flames. This startling effect is given by the butterfly-weed, the mos gorgeous member of the milkweed family. Almost equally vivid though less flame-like is the purple milkweed, a species which abounds also in dry places, with deep pink-purple flowers which grow in smaller, less spreading clusters than those of the butterity-weed. The swamp milkweed may be found in nearly all wet meadows. It is de-scribed by Gray as "rose-purple," but the finer specimens might almost claim to be ranked among the red flewers. The dull pink balls of the commen milkweed or silkweed are massed by every roadside now, and are too generally known to need description. The most delicate member of the family is the four-leaved milkweed, with fragrant pale pink blossoms which appear in June on the wooded hill-ides. Although there are eighteen distinct species of milkweed proper, perhaps the above are the only ones which are commonly encountered. Few plant families add more to the beauty of the summer fields. But although its different representatives are deemed worthy of careful caltivation in other countries—the well-known swallow-worts of English gardens being milkweeds-I doubt if the average American knows even the commoner species by sight, so carcless have we been of our native flowers. July yields no plant which is more perfect in

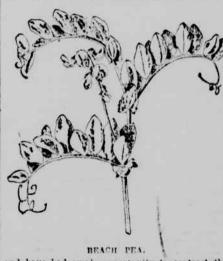
both flower and foliage than the meadow hily. It is a genuine delight to wade knee-deep into some meadow among the myriad erect stems, which

shaped leaves and crowned with long-st nodding, recurved lilies; kilies so bell-like and tremulous that such a meadow always suggests to me possibilities of tinkling music too ethereal for mortal ears. Usually these flowers are yellow, thickly spotted with brown, but this year I find them of the deepest shade of orange. Within the flower-cup the stamens are heavily loaded with brown pollen. When with rhythmical sweep of his long scythe the mower lays low whole acres of lilies and clover, milkweeds, daisies and buttercups, there is a tendency to bewail such a massaere of the flowers. But, after all, this is no purposeless destruction. As the dead blossoms lie heaped one upon another in the blazing sunlight, their sweetness is scattered abroad with every breath of wind, and as we rest among the fragrant mounds we are still subject to their pervading influence. Surely they "were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they



that, at its best, would overfop a giant, and with its radiant, recurved flowers, thirty or forty of which are sometimes found on one plant-that it reaching great perfection in some of the swampy places near the Connecticut shore of Long Island Sound. It resembles somewhat the tiger-lily, has escaped in hosts to the roadside and marks the site of many a deserted homestead,

However much we may revel in rich color, it is restful, after a time, to turn from these blazing children of the sun to the green water-courses which are marked by the white, pyramidal clusers and graceful foliage of the tall meadow-rue. On certain of these plants the flowers are exquisitely delicate and feathery, while on others they are comparatively coarse and dull. spection reveals that the fermer are the male, the latter the female flowers. This distinction between the sexes, however, is less marked in the world of flowers than in that of birds. During the last week I have watched the comings and goings of a scarlet tanager which had built his nest in the fork of a pine tree within easy view of my window,



and have had ample opportunity to contrast the tropical brilliancy of his plumage with the dull greenish dress of his mate, a contrast greater than any I have noticed among similarly related Almost as refreshing as the merdowrue are the thickets composed of the deep green leaves and white, spreading flowers of the glder. Another beautiful shrub, which is now blossoming in marshy places, especially near the coast, is the fragrant white swamp honeysuckle. Only among the sandhills of the coast itself do we meet with the purplish blossems of the beach-pen. Nearly akin to it is the blue vetch, whose long, densy, onesided clusters of small pealike flowers make little lakes of pinkish blue in wet meadows further inland.

Although still unsuccessful in my search for the home of the showy lady's slipper, the appearance of whose leaf and stem the false hellebore simulated so successfully a month ago, I have at last lated so successfully a month ago, I have at last seen, by a fortanate chance, this rarely beautiful flower. A country boy, whose identity as yet I have been unable to discover, left at my door a bunch of the great beauties, and I have revelved in their full, shell-like, pink-striped lips, their white, spreading petals and their delicious fragrance. "Peat-bors, Maine to North Carolina, July," hardly indicates the many hours which, if one experience goes for anything, must be spont in their quest. Less difficult of attainment is the

grass-pink, or calopogon. This is the only exchid, I believe, which carries its lip on the upper instead of on the lower side of the flower, a contrast to the usual arrangement which is owing to the non-twisting of the ovary. The deep pink flowers, with their spreading white, yellow and pink-bearded lips, are clustered near the summit of a stem which is about a foot high. The single leaf is long and narrow. I searched the bog which der's mouth or pogonia, but nowhere detected its rose-colored blossoms and violet-like fragrance, finding instead the long uninteresting spikes of the green orchis and the glistening red-haired leaves and coiled flowers of the insect-devouring sundew.

leaves and coiled flowers of the insect-devouring sundew.

Where a mountain brook gushes among beds of moss and quivering fans of maidenhair spring the fragrant wands of the northern white orchis. This is a shy plant which is seidom found save in some such remote, cool spot. Less rare and exclusive is the later and smaller of the purple-fringed orchises. From now till August a careful search of any boggy meadow may discover its closely spiked, sweet-scented flowers. In the dry woods we encounter constantly a shrubby plant with rounded clusters of small white flowers. This is the New-Jersey tea or red root; the former name arising from the use made of its leaves during the Revolution, the latter from its dark red root. The driest and most uninviting localities do not seem to discourage either this persistent little shrub or the bushy-looking wild indigo, with its clover-like leaves and short terminal clusters of yellow, pea-like blossoms. In shaded hollows and on the hillsides the tall white wands of the black cohosh, or bugbane, shoot upward, rocket-like. The great stout stems, large, divided leaves and slender spikes of feathery flowers render this the most conspicuous wood plant of the season. If we chance to be lingering

In secret paths that thread the forest land when the last sunjeight has died away creat that In secret paths that thread the forest land

In secret paths that thread the forest and when the last sunlight has died away? and happen suddenly upon one of these ghostly groupe the effect is almost startling. The rank odor of the flowers detracts somewhat from one's enjoyment of their beauty, and is responsible, I suppose, for their unpleasing title of bugbane. Under the pine trees are the glossy leaves and nodding bells of the wintergreen; while here and there spring graceful, wax-like clusters of parisition Indian pipe, the fresh blossoms nodding from leafless, fleshy stalks, the older ones erecting themselves preparatory to fruiting. When we pick these odd-looking flowers they turn black from our touch, adding their protest to the cry against the despoiler, and invalidating their claim to the title which they sometimes bear of "corpse plant." From some deep shadow gleam the coral-like berries of the early elder, or the bright, rigid clusters of the baneberry. On the low bush-honeysuckle the deeper-colored yellow blossoms announce to the insect world that they have no attractions to offer in the way of pollen or honey, their fertilization being achieved already.

But at present the woods are not altogether satisfactory hunting grounds. The more interesting flowers have sought the combined light and moisture of the open bogs or the sunshine of the fields and roadsides. Along the latter are quantities of bladder-campion, a European member of the Pink family which has established itself in Eastern New-England. It can be recognized at once by its much-inflated calvx and by its deeply parted white petals. A few days since I found the wayside whitened with the large flowers of the lovely summer amenone, each one springing from between two closely set, deeply cut leaves, in the

the wayside whitened with the large flowers of the lovely summer anemone, each one springing from between two closely set, deeply cut leaves, in the distance suggesting white wild geraniums. A near kinsman, the thimble-weed, is apt to be confused with the summer anemone when it is found bearing white instead of greenish flowers. This curious-looking plant is noticeable now in shaded spots, growing to a height of two or three feet, and sending up gaunt flower-stalks which are finally crowned with a large, oblong, thimble-like head of fruit.

ful as that of a mother. One abides in its per-fect present, looking neither behind nor before. With the ever-recurring scent of new-mown hay comes another odor, aromatic, permeating. I our feet slopes

—a bank where the wild thyme grows.

only in this one spot have I ever met with this classic little plant, with its close purple flowers and tiny rigid leaves. When I first discovered it, one superb rain-washed afternoon over a week ago, the line from Mr. Watson's poem on Wordsworth flashed into my mind:

From dewy pastures, uplands sweet with thyme: and at the same instant I appreciated the humor of Mr. Oscar Wilde's assertion to the effect that the chief use of Nature is to illustrate quotations from the poets.

from the poets.

A RECEPTION OF PATTI.

From The London Globe.

The following anecdote is told by M. Schurmann in his book entitled "Etolles en Voyage." Mmc. Pattle and arranged to sing at Bucharest on a certain date, but could not be persuaded to leave Vienna owing to the Inchemency of the weather. So M. Schurmann, who was in despair, telegraphed to his agent in the Rumandan capital to the effect that the diva must at all hazards be met at the station at Encharest by a deputation of Rumanian nobles, and ordered him to send a telegram to the following effect: "Members of the Italian and Rumanian aristocracy preparing magnificent reception for Pattl. Cabinet represented. Torchight processions, military bands. Wire hour of arrival."

arrival."

The telegram duly arrived, and was shown to Patti, who was enchanted, and at once made reastart. As the train steamed into Bucharest evening the scene was traily imposing—flats wering, bands playing, and torches flaring. The divescerted to her hotel by an enthusiastic crowd as they entered the door M. Schurmann signed agent to accompany him. The latter, however fused, promising an explanation next morning turned out that he had hired a gang of loafer vagahonds and dressed them up for the occurring a choice selection of aristocrats for the est stan of about thirteen pounds. But he matter was loated to be a first the control of the co

THE ORIGIN OF THE MOSS ROSE. From The Newberry (England) House Magazine.

From The Newberry (England) House Magazine.

There is a very pretty German tradition not generally known which accounts in the following manner for the existence of the moss rose. The legend is to the effect that once upon a time an angel, having a mission of love to suffering humanity, came down on earth. He was much grieved at all the sin and misery he saw, and at all the evil things he heard. Being tired, he sought a place wherein to rest, but, as it fared with his Master, so it fared with him as it fared with his Master, so it fared with him in the result of a rose and slept till the rising san awoke him of a rose and slept till the rising san awoke him. Before winging his flight heavenward he addressed the rose, and said that as it had given him that shelter rose, and said that as it had given him that shelter rose, and so of the soft green moss grew round the stem, the soft green moss grew round the stem, the soft green moss grew round the stem.

CHOCQUART AT TORTONI'S.

From The London Globe.

Aureien Scholl, who was one of its oldest customers, and who has not missed taking his absinthe there daily for the past thirty years, devoless his whity pen to it, and in the course of his chronique tells an anecdote about the illustrious Chocquart, rendered celebrated by Alexandre Dumas. He was a regular habitue of the cafe. One day he saw an elderiy gentleman nestled in a corner reading the "Constitutionnel." "Sir, it is in hand, was the reply. Five minutes elapsed, and Chocquart, growing impatient, again cried. "Waiter, I thought I asked you for the "Constitutional." "Sir, it is fin hand," was the reply. Five minutes elapsed, and Chocquart, growing impatient, again cried. "Waiter, I thought I asked you for the "Constitutional!" "Sir, it is still in hand, he answered. Chocquart—who was a tall thin man with waxed mustache like rat talls, a kind of Don Quix-ote—rose from his seat, advanced toward the elderly gentleman, and snatched the paper from him. High words followed, seconds were named, and the next morning Chocquart received a sword thrust in his breast which laid him up for a month. As soon as he had recovered he went again to Torioni's, and found his adversary reading the same paper, and is the same carner. "Waiter!" he shouted, "the Constitutionnel!" "It is in hand, sir," was the response. It is not hand, sir, "was the response." From The London Globe,